THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 29, 1808.

IMPROVED LIFE-BOAT.

A Life-boat, upon a new construction, was recently launched at Lowestoft, in Suffolk. The wind was at the time about south-east, which continued increasing while the boat was at sea, with heavy and incessant rain. After sailing in various directions, she reached the north end of Corton Sand, upon which the sea and surf ran very high. The utility of the boat was eminently shewn in turning the whole length upon the sand without shipping any water. When she came off the sand, the plugs were taken up, and the water suffered to rise as high as the air-casks, which were lashed within the boat, would allow. She then stretched under a press of sail to Packfield; the water with which her bottom was filled did not appear to retard her progress. There were sixteen persons in the boat, including some gentlemen who had volunteered their services. Though all of them got over to the leeward side, and some of them stood on the gunwale, yet from their weight, the press of sail, and the plugs still open, her side was not depressed, nor did the water within increase. On her return near the shore, she was, by means of buckets, completely filled with water; and the intention was, whilst in that state, that she should receive as many persons on board as was possible. On account of the storminess of the day, no boat could go off from the beach, but four persons from another vessel were taken in. It is calculated she would have carried fifty persons with safety, when quite full of water. In the melancholy cases which are frequently occurring on the coast, there is every reason to conclude, that by means of this invention, many lives will now be saved, which would otherwise be lost. The seamen, too, will be enabled to render their assistance, on occasions when

vessels are exposed to the greatest difficulties and danger, with a confidence and security to which they have been unaccustomed. The boat has an iron keel, which serves her for ballast, with a contrivance of casks, placed at her bottom, to be filled with water when necessary to increase her ballast. Other air casks, for the purpose of buoyancy, and to prevent her sinking, although filled with water, are fixed round her inside. She has also projecting gunwales, with concealed air boxes, and cased with cork.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 25.

MR. EDITOR,

MANY of my acquaintance seem to labour under a grand mistake in regard to politeness. By way of a complimentary introduction to conversation, they frequently exclaim, "Bless me! how ill you look."—"Are you not well, Sir?"—"I hope nothing is amiss," &c. &c. Have the goodness to inform all such gentry, that nothing is a surer or more invariable proof of ill-breeding, than such prefatory exclamations; and that no one, possessing common discernment, or a liberal education, would be guilty of so glaring a breach of good manners. Betwixt truth and flattery, there is a happy medium, the observance of which is an indubitable test of genuine politeness. To discountenance every approach to falsehood, is both a Christian and moral duty; but there is an old saying (and most old sayings are worthy of record) that "Truth is not to be told at all times."

Your's, &c.

X.

ROGER RHYMER, ESQ. TO THE EDITOR.

WORTHY SIR,

IT is rather unfortunate that a fresh insult should again oblige me to obtrude myself on your notice; but as you were so prompt in inserting my last communication, I presume you are a man of great taste, and shall, therefore, make no apology for sending a specimen of a tragedy, which I hope to complete against next season. My friends (if, indeed, they deserve the title) cock up their noses at it; but, after their former opinions on my *pathetic* compositions, little notice is to be taken of their misconceptions of *sublimity*.

THE

THE RIVAL KINGS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hoglardo,	King of Gruntland	} Rivals.
Duckander,	King of Quakkerania.	}
Piggillo,	One of Hoglardo's courtiers.	
Tomfooleena,	A lovely Princess.	
Rumpilla,	A maid of honour.	

Guards, Trumpets, Thunder, Lightning, Witches, &c. &c. &c.

Act I.

Scene I.—HOGLARDO'S PALACE.

Piggillo and Rumpilla.

Piggillo.—Shine forth, bright candle of th' immortal gods!
Nor let one cloud obscure thy noon-day glory;
For on this morn—this morn of morns most glorious,
Hoglardo—mighty monarch of these realms,
And Tomfooleena—ever-beauteous princess,
For better or for worse (fate must decide)
United are to be.

Rumpilla.———————E'en so, Piggillo!
But hast thou seen her blest imperial form?

Pig.—Methinks (if treacherous error, o'er my soul,
Hold not it's dark dominion)—methinks
I've *not.*

Rump.—Six feet, nine inches, and one half, she stands
Like yon tall poplar, at the garden gate.
Her eyes—her *eye,* I mean (for one bright orb
Fell from its high abode, in rumpus dire;
For she can *box,* Piggillo, like a *queen)*
The eye that's left to weep for t'other's loss,
Small, like the reptile's, they a ferret call.
But, oh! ye bounteous Gods! her ample nose,
Curving in kindly posture o'er her mouth,
Salutes th' enamour'd chin! so *long* it seems
That (if I am not *short* in calculation)
High on its ruddy ridge, twelve pair, at least,
Of envied spectacles might ride sublime.

Pig. Thrice bless'd Hoglardo!!

Rump.———Thrice bless'd, *indeed!*
Oh! when her princely form first met these eyes,
"Had (I exclaimed), had *breeches* been *my* lot,
I would *myself* be king!" But *stay* my tongue,
For I must *go.* Matters, of import vast,
Warn me away.

Pig.———Rumpilla, fare thee well!
Heavens! how my heart at such description vibrates;
Fierce 'gainst my side the rebel captive thumps,
Just like the cadence of a kettle-drum.
But lo! in furious fret, appears the king.

Enter HOGLARDO, *in a rage.*

King.—Duckander's trunk shall headless be ere night,
And, like a slimy eel, be flay'd alive.
Methinks our royal-self is in a passion;
And so we *shall* be, 'till, like mighty Mars,
That dares the fury of th' ensanguin'd field,
We punish his presumption!—*He* steal our queen!
Shall Quackkeranian upstarts dare pretend
To noble Tomfooleena?—To arms, to arms—
Let every voice cry *war!*—let every arm,
Nerv'd with immortal pow'r, alarm, disarm,
And rout his dastard army!
Yes! by our royal nob, we swear!—But stay,
We had forgot the *apple-dumplings!* Go,
Piggillo, to our cooks, and let them know,
That 'tis our royal consort's inclination,
To have twice twenty apple-dumplings boil'd,
To grace our princely board.

Pig.———Great Sire, I go.

King.—Stay, numscull, stay. As to our noble self,
We feel a wish for *tripe.* Six sticks of tripe,
With ear of fatted pig, will, if we judge aright,
Just fill the vacuum of our royal guts.

Pig.—Duteous, great majesty, to your commands,
The hymeneal banquet shall be ordered.

Exit.

KING *solus.*

Who, but ourself, could win so fair a queen?
Who, but so fair a queen, could win ourself?
To these, our goodly features, and the feats
Which oft in war this mighty arm hath done,
We owe the prize. Thus (like King Dick the Third)
We well may cry, "We are *ourself* alone."

TOMFOOLEENA *entering from a closet.*

Tom.—Then, by my beauty's bloom, I swear *you lie!*
For here, my far, far better half am I,
And thou art *not alone.*

King.———Sweetheart, my words
Thou play'st upon; but if, forsooth, 'tis true,
Thou art *our* better half, as we are *thine,*

We

We say—*you lie again!* for of two halves
One whole is form'd, and how can one be two?
Tom.—But if, my sweet, thou sayest *thou* art alone,
Alone, I swear, my noble *self* must be.
King.—Then are we *both* alone, and neither lies?
Tom.—Yet shall we *lie*—and *both alone*—to *night!*
King.—But cease, my duck, this unavailing parley,
And rather let my thirsty ears drink deep
Of the melodious fountain of thy voice.
A plaintive song (like April's noonday sun
Dissolving nature into copious tears,
For th' loss of birth-day vest of virgin snow)
Would melt our pensive soul.
Tom.—E'en let me clear my pipes! hem, hem, hem, hem.

(Tomfooleena sings Death and the Lady, accompanied by a brace of jewsharps and the bagpipes.)

King.—Enough—enough! imperial melodist.
We fear our palace-walls will dance a jig,
So wag-less be thy tongue; for we have heard
How, in old times, when Orpheus scraped the *crowd*,
All nature skipp'd about, like dancing bear.
But Orpheus-self, had he been here to list,
Would lay his fiddle by, and cry "Encore."
——————————But see,
Puffing and blowing like Vulcanian bellows,
Swift comes Piggillo.

Enter PIGGILLO, *in a cold sweat.*

Pig.—Great king, and good! and good, as great, attend,
And such a tale of terror shall I blab,
That thy grey hairs (if such my liege thou hast)
Shall upright tower; 'till thou shalt look, withal,
Like fretful porcupine.
King.——————Fearless, we list,
And should one hair of this our godlike sconce,
Do as thou say'st—severed shall it be,
And in Tartarean flames for ever friz,
Like eggs and bacon in a Shrovetide pan.—&c.

It is with extreme regret, Sir, that I feel myself obligated to conclude my extracts, as I am convinced you must be greatly interested in the fate of my heroes; but Piggillo's explanation of what happened in the garden, when the cook was gathering apples for the dumplings, would disclose the whole *plot*, which would be rather a dangerous experiment, in these unenlightened times. It won't do to have a broken pane in a window decorated

decorated with gingerbread, when a host of hungry boys are in the way. You take me, good Sir!

X. ROGER RHYMER.

P.S. I shall shortly send you a specimen of a novel, which I intend to publish in the course of next winter.

Biographical Sketch of the late Marquis Townshend.

(Concluded from Page 152.)

AT the conclusion of the war, General Townshend was nominated lieutenant-general, under the marquis of Granby, who was appointed master-general of the ordnance. On the death of his father, March 12, 1764, he became Lord Townshend, and succeeded to considerable estates in Norfolk; and in the same year, he was appointed to the high and important office of lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Few noblemen of that day were better adapted for this eminent situation. His lordship was gay, gallant, shewy in his person and address; he possessed a popular eloquence, and was calculated to win the confidence of the people over whom he was delegated to rule. One unfortunate event, however, occurred during this period, for, having given some umbrage to Lord Bellamont during his residence in Ireland, that nobleman followed him to England, and a duel ensued, in which the latter was wounded.

As the dispute between these noblemen occasioned much noise at the time, and as the whole breathes the spirit of ancient chivalry, it may not be uninteresting to detail the particulars in this place.

On Lord Townshend's return from his government in Ireland, Lord Bellamont repaired to England, and employed the late earl of Charlemont to wait on the ex-viceroy with the following paper, explanatory of the nature of the offence given at the castle of Dublin, in February, 1770:

"I wait upon your lordship, by desire of Lord Bellamont, first, to return your lordship his thanks for the recommendations to the king with which you honoured him, and for which it was his intention to have thanked you in person, if you had done him the favour to receive him the last time that he attended, by your lordship's appointment, for a private audience.

"I am further to acquaint your lordship, that Lord Bellamont thought it his duty not to break in upon your lordship upon an earlier day, lest he should interrupt you in giving an account of your high commission to the king, or in taking an account of your own important affairs. But as your lordship has

has now been twelve days in town, he conceives that he may, with propriety, remind your lordship of the disrespect thrown upon him by the message delivered to him from your lordship, by your aid-de-camp, of which Lord Bellamont makes no doubt that your lordship retains a perfect recollection; it having been of that force as to have obliged him to resign his employment in the army, in order that he might be at liberty to call upon your lordship for an adequate apology, without incurring the king's displeasure. But lest your lordship should not have a minute recollection of that transaction at this distance of time, Lord Bellamont has stated it as follows:

"When Lord Bellamont, after several repeated attendances, by appointment, on all occasions he had been put off without seeing your lordship, did again wait upon your lordship by appointment, the aid-de-camp in waiting, having gone down to your lordship and returned, addressed Lord Bellamont in an audible voice, and acquainted him, 'that he need not wait any longer, for that your lordship *would* not be at leisure to see *him* that day;' and at the same time, turning to several other persons of different ranks and professions, he told *them*, 'that your lordship requested *they* would wait, as your lordship would see them, however late it might be before you could finish with them,' or words to that effect. Lord Bellamont replied to the aid-de-camp, 'His excellency will be pleased to ascertain at what time he will see me. I have already waited several times, by appointment, and have been sent away each time!' To which the aid-de-camp brought back the following message to Lord Bellamont:—'His excellency commands me to inform your lordship, that he usually does military business on Wednesdays, and any other business on Thursdays; that if your lordship comes on either of those days, and that his excellency shall be at leisure, he will see you among others in your turn.' To which Lord Bellamont replied, 'Sir, you will be so good as to inform his excellency, that as a peer of the realm, I have a right to an audience; but if his excellency does not know what he owes to me, I know what I owe to myself, and therefore will not wait upon him here or elsewhere; I will write a letter to his excellency, stating my business, to which I expect he will shew due attention, as it nearly concerns a respectable corps of officers'—This, my lord, is, as Lord Bellamont conceives, an exact state of the reciprocal messages which passed between your lordship and Lord Bellamont; but as he did not take them down in writing, he cannot positively aver each syllable. This, however, he can positively affirm, that such was the matter of the message, and the terms in which it was conceived, though manifestly softened by the aid-de-camp, that the idea which it conveyed to every person

present, was that of an intentional indignity, wantonly cast on Lord Bellamont by your lordship.

" Lord Bellamont conceives that an aid-de-camp is the authentic messenger of his superior, and, therefore, that the message delivered by the one, is as the *litera scripta* of the other. Lord Bellamont considers your lordship alone responsible to him, and your lordship the only person with whom he is to account. The injury is of public notoriety, and, therefore, an affront upon record, which does not admit of any negociation."

Lord Townshend having asked what apology Lord Bellamont required? Lord Charlemont read the following article:

" The only apology which the nature of the offence will admit of, is that of asking Lord Bellamont's pardon. Lord Bellamont does not mean to hurry your lordship in any thing, but expects your lordship's answer in a reasonable time, at all events one day at least before your lordship leaves town."

Lord Townshend made answer:—" I cannot ask pardon, as it would be an acknowledgement of an offence I never intended."

Lord Charlemont replied—" I am not at liberty to take back any other answer to Lord Bellamont, than that your lordship asks his pardon, or desires to take time to consider of asking it. I therefore entreat your lordship will reflect before you lay me under the necessity of delivering another message to your lordship, which Lord Bellamont sends with the utmost regret, and which I shall deliver with equal reluctancy."

Lord Townshend having persisted in his refusal, Lord Charlemont read to Lord Townshend the following message:

" I am enjoined by Lord Bellamont to tell your lordship, from him, that he considers you divested of every principle that constitutes the character of a man of honour."

Upon Lord Charlemont's delivery of this last message, Lord Townshend begged his permission to call in a friend to be witness of it. Colonel Frazer having come in, Lord Townshend requested that Lord Charlemont would again read this last message. Lord Charlemont read the entire paper a second time, and being requested by Lord Townshend to carry back an answer to Lord Bellamont, Lord Charlemont, conformable to his private instructions from Lord Bellamont, replied, that any message Lord Townshend might have to send, might be sent by a messenger of his own.

On Saturday, the 26th, at half an hour after eleven o'clock, Lord Bellamont received the following letter from Lord Ligonier:—

" *December*

" *December* 26, 1772.

" My Lord,

" I have a message to deliver to your lordship from Lord Townshend, and beg to know when I may be allowed to wait on you.

I have the honour to be, my lord,
Your lordship's most obedient,
Most humble servant,
" LIGONIER."

To the Earl of Bellamont.

To which Lord Bellamont sent the following answer:—

" My Lord,

" I this moment received the honour of your lordship's letter, communicating to me that you have a message to deliver to me from Lord Townshend, and desiring to know when I shall be at home to receive your lordship. I shall not go abroad to-morrow, but will wait at home to have the honour of receiving your lordship, and any commands you may have for me.

I have the honour to be, &c.
" BELLAMONT."

To Lord Viscount Ligonier.

Note.—On Sunday morning, at eleven o'clock, Lord Ligonier waited on Lord Bellamont, who anticipating Lord Ligonier, said, " Before I receive the message your lordship has to deliver to me, I must beg leave to call in Lord Charlemont, in order that, as Colonel Frazer was present at the delivery of my message to Lord Townshend, Lord Charlemont may be present at the delivery of Lord Townshend's message to me;" to which Lord Ligonier immediately consented.

Lord Charlemont being called in, Lord Bellamont said, the transaction had, he supposed, been related to Lord Ligonier on the part of Lord Townshend. He wished it should be related by Lord Charlemont, on the part of himself, for he should be concerned to be misconceived by Lord Ligonier, for whom he had a high respect; and the moment Lord Ligonier should have delivered my Lord Townshend's message, he did not think it proper for himself or friend to speak another word; of which Lord Ligonier having expressed his approbation, Lord Charlemont read the paper to Lord Ligonier, which he had, by Lord Bellamont's desire, read to Lord Townshend. Lord Ligonier then addressing Lord Bellamont, said, " What will your lordship say, when, notwithstanding the force of this message, I tell you I am authorised by Lord Townshend to assure your lordship he never meant to offend you?" Lord Bellamont, after a little pause, replied, " I confess, my lord, this

is more than I expected; but since then Lord Townshend's first care is to justify his intentions towards me, even under his present situation, let him do it such a manner as to justify me in releasing him from that situation. The apology your lordship has now delivered to me, is not yet entirely sufficient."

Lord Ligonier desired leave to go back to my Lord Townshend, and shortly returned with the following message: "Lord Townshend has already assured your lordship he never meant to offend you. He further assures you he is sorry for the affair." Lord Bellamont then said, "Before I proceed any further, I must desire that Lord Ancram be sent for, as he has this morning accepted the office of being my friend in the field, if I should be called upon." Lord Ancram being arrived, and informed by Lords Charlemont and Ligonier of what had passed, the Lords Charlemont and Ancram declared that nothing more could be demanded; and these, with Lord Ligonier, said, that Lord Bellamont could not surely require that Lord Townshend should ask his pardon for an offence which he had now, in the most satisfactory manner, declared he had never committed. Lord Bellamont made answer, 'My lords, I feel as you do, that every thing is implied in this apology, but it is necessary that it be fully expressed;' and having desired leave to retire into another room, to consider the matter more clearly, he returned with the following written paper, which he gave to Lord Ligonier, telling him at the same time, that he did not tie him down to the letter, but that was the purport of the only reparation he could receive, viz.

"Lord Townshend does admit, that the message delivered to Lord Bellamont by his aid de camp, was highly offensive; he therefore disavows it as such, and declares it was not his intention to give Lord Bellamont any offence, and that he is very much concerned for the mistake."

Lord Ligonier accordingly waited on my Lord Townshend with the said paper, and brought back to Lord Bellamont an apology, consonant to the full and entire purport of it, conceived in the most satisfactory terms. Lord Bellamont immediately requested Lord Ligonier would assure Lord Townshend, that as Lord Townshend had by that last apology done away the foundation of the message delivered from him to Lord Townshend, by Lord Charlemont, he had very great pleasure in declaring it cancelled and annulled.

(L. S.) CHARLEMONT.
(L. S.) ANCRAM.

"I cannot refuse signing the paper delivered to me this morning without assigning my reasons for it, and I flatter myself, the motive of my declining it will justify me to the world.

"I

" I assent to the facts and progressions as stated, but I was misunderstood if what I said relative to Lord Townshend was considered as a message from him. It certainly was not Lord Townshend's intention it should be so, though I was authorized to say it from Lord Townshend to Lord Bellamont, which distinction I did not make to Lord Bellamont.

" As I wished, from motives of humanity, to bring the affair to an honourable conclusion, without coming to extremities, I proposed returning to Lord Townshend; my view in so doing was that of promoting an accommodation honourable to both.

" If I conveyed any other idea to the lords on my return from Lord Townshend, than a confirmation that his lordship had intended no affront or injury to Lord Bellamont, and that he disapproved the manner of the aid de camp, I have to regret that I had not the good fortune to explain myself according to my own ideas and those of Lord Townshend.

" In justice to my Lord Townshend, I must beg leave to observe, that whatever expressions of concern he might make use of on this misunderstanding, arose from the regret every man of honour must feel under a supposition of having given offence. This is what I understand from Lord Townshend, and what I meant to convey.

" I cannot but persevere in declining to sign the paper, as I find, upon consideration, that what I thought an explanation equally honourable to both, may be construed into a submissive apology which must appear humiliating to my Lord Townshend. What impressions may have been received from any expressions of mine in the many private conversations I have had on this painful event, I will not presume to determine; but I declare, upon my honour, I have had no other view than to terminate this affair to the honour of all parties; and shall lament, if my endeavours should be frustrated.

(L. S.) " LIGONIER.

" *January* 29, 1773.

" This is a true copy of the original, in the hands of Lord Bellamont.

" CHARLEMONT.
" ANCRAM."

On Sunday morning, Lord Ligonier waited on Lord Bellamont, and the explanation alluded to above took place; but owing to some unfortunate misconception the affair was not made up According to agreement, therefore, the parties met on the afternoon of February 2, 1773, between four and five, in Mary-la-bonne fields, and after the usual ceremonies had taken place, Lord Townshend fired first, and wounded Lord Bellamont, with a ball in the right side of his belly, near the

groin, while the latter discharged his pistol without effect. Their lordships' behaved to each other in the field with a politeness denoting the most refined gallantry. Each was armed with a case of pistols and a small sword, but it was determined to use the former first. When they had taken their ground, Lord Bellamont pulled off his hat; the salute was immediately returned by Lord Townshend, who asked his antagonist which of them he would wish to fire first? On this he desired Lord Townshend, who instantly complied. Mr. Bromfield extracted the ball, and his lordship not only recovered, but lived to a good old age.

The seconds were, for Lord Bellamont, the Hon. Mr. Dillon; and for Lord Townshend, Lord Ligonier.

Lady Townshend having died September 14, 1770, his lordship, about three years after that event (on May 19, 1773,) married Miss Anne Montgomery, daughter of Sir William Montgomery, bart. a young lady of great beauty and very amiable manners, whom he became acquainted with in Ireland, and by whom he has had six children: he had seven by his former marriage.

In 1772 Lord Townshend was appointed master general of the ordnance, which he held for many years; and in the course of the next summer acquired a considerable addition to his income, by the command of the second regiment of dragoon guards, which he held at the period of his death. In 1787 he was created Marquis Townshend of Rainham.

Lord de Ferrars, Lord Townshend's eldest son, having adhered to Mr. Pitt, obtained an earl's coronet, while his father possessed only a viscount's. It was humourously stated in the conversation of that day, that Lord de Ferrars having written a letter, requesting Lord Townshend's permission to accept his new honours, received a very polite and jocular one in return, which concluded, after the usual congratulations, in the following manner:

———" In short, my dear son, I have no manner of objection to your obtaining any title whatever, except that of —— Townshend."

In 1792, on the death of Lord Orford; the marquis was nominated lord lieutenant of the county of Norfolk. In the same year his lordship was also appointed to the command of the eastern district, and had his head-quarters in the neighbourhood of Warley camp.

In 1796, he was promoted to the rank of field marshal, and had only three above him on the list, two of whom were blood royal.

His lordship, in person, was above the middle size, and portly; when dressed in regimentals he displayed a martial air; and

and his hair, blanched with age, conveyed the appearance of a veteran inured to camps and warfare from his youth.

His lordship died in the 84th year of his age, at Rainham, on the 14th of September, 1807.

By his first wife, Charlotte, baroness de Ferrers, of Chartley, only daughter of the earl of Northampton, he has left the earl of Leicester, now marquis of Townshend, Lord John Townshend, and Lady Elizabeth Loftus. The marchioness died most universally regretted during the marquis's viceroyalty in Ireland. His second marriage was with Miss Anna Montgomery, the youngest daughter of the late Sir William Montgomery, Bart. and by this lady the marquis has left six children, namely, Lady Anne Hudson, the duchess of Leeds, two unmarried daughters, and two sons.

His lordship was the last survivor of the groupe that sat for the celebrated print of the death of General Wolfe.

He has left his family in great opulence. The marchioness will have altogether above 3000l. per annum, with 30,000l. in ready cash, and an immense property in plate, furniture, &c. The children of the marquis's first marriage have 8000l. each, and the females of the second marriage 5000l. each.

His remains were laid in the family vault at Rainham. The mournful procession was awfully grand; one hundred of the principal tenantry led the way; the coffin, covered with crimson velvet, highly embroidered, and superbly decorated, followed; after which came Lord John Townshend, leading the widowed marchioness; then followed Lady Elizabeth Loftus, the duchess of Leeds, Lady Anne Hudson, supported by their husbands; Lady Harriet Townshend next; and then all the grand children and great grand children of the marquis; then a number of his friends, followed by the poorer tenantry and servants innumerable.

Account of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa; performed by his Majesty's Sloop Favourite, in the Year 1805.

(Continued from Page 145.)

GOREE is a rock of iron stone; the principal water they get from the Main-land, as they have only one well on the island, which is not nearly sufficient to supply their wants. The established custom of not giving any woman leave to quit the island after her marriage, causes a number of widows to be resident there, many of whom of course are young ones, their husbands probably still living elsewhere.

Their dress is a wrapping petticoat if such I may call it, of white cotton with a coloured edge, and at the upper part a narrow

row border of a finer sort; this they lap two or three times round them and tuck in; such a garment costs seven dollars: the rest consists of a chemise, over which a loose piece of cotton cloth is carelessly wrapped, and a handkerchief round the head. They are excessively fond of gold, and hide every guinea or doubloon they can procure. It was here I first tasted palm-wine, and I cannot say that I think it an unpleasant liquor. The ladies, if on the beach when it is coming on shore from the Main, will hold out their hands to have some poured in to drink. When new, it is very pleasant, and looks like milk and water; but when kept a few days, is very intoxicating. When new, the natives here are extremely fond of it.

Washing on this island is charged at the rate of a dollar for a dozen pieces, counting a handkerchief, &c. as a shirt. They are beaten on stones, and then rinsed. This is the only kind of washing in use, notwithstanding which the articles are bleached very white.

There is a law here which deserves mentioning. If a slave is born on this island, he cannot be sold out of it, unless he or she commits some considerable crime. It was here Governor Wall perpetrated the barbarous murder, for which he suffered the sentence of the law. Both the event and the punishment still continue in the memory of the inhabitants.

They are extremely fond of music; and here as well as on other parts of the coast, which I shall have occasion to mention, they have hand-organs in their houses. It certainly is a great change to an Englishman, when he witnesses the customs at Madeira: but what must it be when he lands at Goree? It is impossible to describe the sensation at first stepping on shore, where he finds every thing so perfectly different from European scenes: he is immediately surrounded by numerous black boys and girls, quite naked, and skipping around him in play; but not begging; the females naked, especially the slaves; or with only a small rag round their waists.

We were recommended to a free man, a Mr. Crew, where we found the most liberal accommodations; he had lost his wife, and had a fine boy, who was a more perfect black than himself; at dinner I could not help looking round me, at the novelty of being waited on by boys and girls, nearly in a state of nature: indeed one named little Harry was quite an adept. The above gentleman once lived at Sierra Leone; and is well known for the goodness of his disposition and the pleasantness of his manners: he had lately been in England, and intends sending his son thither to finish his education. When our boat went to the main land, to draw the seine for fish, the prince always came down, and they invariably complimented him with a few choice ones.

November

November 13th. At noon we left Goree, with the Mary and Anderson; we were in lat. 13° 12′ N. long. 17° 9′ W. Had on board Ensign Forbes and his lady, as passengers to Sierra Leone. On the 14th, uncommonly large bats flew on board, their heads like that of a fox, and their teeth very large; but, on account of the cruelty of the sailors, we were obliged to throw them overboard. We were from now 'till the 22d, continually in soundings; during which time a large quantity of dolphins were swimming about the ship.

November 18th. We had fine clear weather, rather inclining to calm. Great quantities of the remora or sucking fish, under our stern, with the beautiful little pilot-fish, in shape nearly resembling a perch; two or three of these constantly attend the shark, playing about his fins and under his belly, when he is not in pursuit of any prey. Of these, the sailors give the same account as the natural historians formerly did of the jackall, or lion's provider; and it therefore bears the name of pilot-fish; in the shark they always find a protector, as they never swim to any distance from him.

SIERRA LEONE.

November 22d. Cloudy with showers of rain, thunder, and lightning. Quarter past four P. M. let go our anchor in twelve fathom. At eight o'clock the Anderson fired two guns, and made signal for land in the S. E. A beautiful bird flew on board, it had blue wings and a red beak; at this time we again anchored, lat. 8° 36′ N.

This evening the atmosphere was extremely mild with lightning; the island is high in some places, on which the clouds seem to rest. The point of Cape Sierra Leone was clothed by numerous large trees. I do not know that I ever saw so majestic and tremendous an appearance as was formed by mountain towering over mountain, which, added to the gloominess of the night, increased its horrors. By the number of lights that appeared, we were certain we were near some large town. The captain stood on 'till a boat came from the shore, by the people of whom we were informed of the death of the governor. On the sides of the hills there are elephants, tigers, tiger-cats, &c. with a very large species of monkey, called chimpanzee, which is near six feet high, when full grown. He is very mischievous; when young, however, he is most affectionate to men; and cries like a child when he misses his protector. A gentleman here gives a woman 10s. 6d. per week to suckle one, in order to send it home. There is also an insect which is at least equally alarming, a sort of black ant. When they enter a house, the inhabitants are obliged to leave

it immediately, otherwise they would devour them as they do every thing else they meet with; serpents, rats, &c. &c.

November 23d. We came to an anchor off Free-town, and at half past seven o'clock a boat came off, and informed us this was the principal town. It was quite dark. On our landing we found that not only the governor was dead, but also a captain of the African corps, who was to have been tried by a court-martial for some serious offence. They were very sickly, and in great distress both for medicines and food. The town is in a most romantic situation. At the back of it the mountains are clothed with wood. Near it is another town, commonly called Dalia Mooda; it is situated on the side of a hill covered with verdure. The natives are black, but there is a great difference betwixt their dress, and that of the people of Goree; here the fashion of the women's clothes somewhat resembles the costume of a Welsh girl, and they are all exceedingly neat and clean.

In the morning two canoes came alongside; though only the breadth of a man there were three persons in each of them kneeling and sitting; two paddled, while the third baled the water out. The canoes appeared to be made of the bark of trees; and were exceedingly light. This day some women came on board to barter oranges, lemons, &c. they were extremely pleased to see Williams, the gun-room black cook, whom they recollected by the name of Harris. There are some crown-birds here, but they are very rare to be met with. Ten dollars is the price asked for a bow and arrows, with the quivers complete. The governor, a pale invalid, came on board this morning, and politely invited us on shore; he at the same time lamented the want of good bark, as they now had none in the colony, and wished me to spare him some; I supplied him with what I had from Apothecaries'-hall on my own account, in bottles. The colony is not at this time in a very thriving condition.

I was informed that a few days before a large snake had been killed, the carcase of which was as much as two men could carry on a pole; they are very common; and it is a fact that they can swallow leopards, bears, &c. There are also two extremely large species of the alligator, which are nearly twenty feet long; they swim between the ships, and pick up any garbage that is thrown overboard; they were frequently fired at, but a bullet would not penetrate them. The smaller ones are very numerous.

November 25th. I dined with the governor, who related some curious anecdotes of the reptiles just alluded to; in particular, one of them destroying a sentry, and carrying him fairly away; his musquet was found left behind on his

post. It came afterwards for the other sentry, but was driven away.

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION *of the* FALLS *of* NIAGARA.

[From Heriot's Travels through the Canadas.]

THE falls of Niagara surpass in sublimity every description which the powers of language can afford of that celebrated scene, the most wonderful and awful which the habitable world presents. Nor can any drawing convey an adequate idea of the magnitude and depth of the precipitating waters. By the interposition of two islands, the river is separated into three falls, that of the Great Horse-shoe on the west or British side, so denominated from its form, and those of Fort Slausser and Montmorenci, on the eastern or American side. The larger island is about four hundred yards in width, and the small island about ten yards. The three falls, with the islands, describe a crescent, and the river beneath becomes considerably contracted. The breadth of the whole, at the pitch of the waters, including the curvatures which the violence of the current has produced in the Horse-shoe, and in the American falls, may be estimated at a mile and a quarter, and the altitude of the Table Rock, from whence the precipitation commences is one hundred and fifty feet.

Here nature, agitated by the struggles of contending elements, assumes a majestic and tremendous wildness of form. Here terror seems to hold his habitation.

Answer, by T. Wyatt, of Tiverton, to T. Bullock's Question, inserted July 6.

LET BD30×30=900×2=1800 double square bung diameter,
HD—22×22 = 484 square head ditto,
1800+484 =2284 sum,

30—22=8×8=64—$\frac{4}{10}$=25.6, square difference 4,

2284—25.6 =2258.4×.0011$\frac{1}{3}$=2.55952:
Content 97.26176÷2.55952=38 inches, the length required.

☞ Similar answers have been received from a student in Mr. Chivers's school at St. Austell; a carpenter of Plymouth; W. Backhouse, of Evercreech; R. Maffett, of Plymouth; and T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells.

Answer, by Marina, of Egg Buckland, to G. Spry's Rebus, inserted December 21.

WITH SARDIS I'll make a reply,
Its now in view, and so good-bye.

Answer, by J. Trood, of Bridgewater, to J. Horsey's Rebus, inserted December 21.

YOUR first and second, if you try,
The place you mean is a PANTRY.

§†§ A similar answer has been received from G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; W. D. Champion, and J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater; J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; Henry Lucas, of Lyme; J. Whitnell, of Street; W. D. of Bristol; J. A Dyer, of Taunton; J. Woodman, of North Curry; and J. Colling, of St. Dominick.

Answer, by J. Treadwin, of Exeter, to J. Melhuish's Charade, inserted January 4.

OH! sing no more of PASSION; 'tis a theme
Ungrateful, tho' but thought of in a dream;
For when strong passions agitate the mind,
We are to reason and to justice blind.

† Similar answers have been received from J. Trood, J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; H. Easter, of Poole; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; W. D. of Bristol; W. Woon, of Grampound; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; a fifer of the South Devon militia; J. Colley, of St. German's; J. Medland, of St Bude; E. Nettleton of Plymouth; Alphonso of St. Austell; J. Colling, of St. Dominick; and J. Woodcock, of North Curry.

A REBUS, *by J. Whitnells, of Street.*

MY bones oft feel my pungent first I know;
To learn my next the boy to school doth go:
Transpose these parts, and them together join,
And then my whole you quickly will define.

A REBUS, *by a Fifer of the South Devon Militia.*

THREE-FOURTHS of a pronoun possessive define;
An adverb judiciously shew:
These parts coalesce, ye riddlers sublime,
A diminutive fish you will view.

A CHARADE, *by R. Perring, of Kingsbridge.*

GO search the farmer's fleecy store,
My useful first you will explore;
And for my second make appear
What frequently is call'd a share:
My whole presents, I know full well,
To Bonaparte an obstacle.
And should he bring his myriads o'er
To Albion's and to freedom's shore,
We'll grasp our swords, and proudly cry,
"A glorious death, or victory!"

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The ASS *and* WILD BOAR.

AN ass, impertinently rude, one day
Met a wild boar, as journeying on his way,
Whom he insulted. But the prudent beast
No signs of anger, or revenge, express'd.
Quite undisturb'd, he still pursu'd his way:
Silence is best when silly asses bray.

Trent. B. A.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE,

By the late H. K. WHITE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nurs'd in whirling storms,
And cradl'd in the winds.

Thee, when young spring first question'd winter's sway,
And bar'd the sturdy blust'rer to the fight,
Thee on his bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnotic'd and alone
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity, in some low walk
Of life, she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserv'd.

While ev'ry bleaching breeze that on her blows
Chastens her spotless purity of breast
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

ON AN OLD TOOTH.

POOR wretched, discarded, unfortunate tooth,
Separated at once from the friends of thy youth;
How hard is thy fate, in decay thus discarded,
And thy former good service so badly rewarded!
How often at Christmas, whilst feeding so gay,
Thou has grinded, and grinded, and grinded away!
How great was thy prowess in gnawing a bone?
And in cracking of nuts thou yieldest to none.
While with thy companions abiding in love,
No squabble or quarrels thy firmness could move;
But, united in love, you labour'd each day,
And grinded all victuals that came in your way.

Now

Now chang'd is the scene—you no longer delight
Your mistress, who no more tries to make you look white;
'Till entirely neglected you began to decay,
And in less estimation was held every day.
Such ungrateful returns loosen'd every tie,
To work as before, you no longer could try;
After bearing, with patience, the grumbles, each day,
Of your mistress, for being so much in her way,
In silence you dropt, never more to appear.
Yet still there is one comfort to lessen your shame,
Your brethren in turn will be all serv'd the same;
Whether double or single, or little or great,
Every one in its turn will share the same fate.

The BALL.

YES, Arthur, I was at the ball,
I danc'd with some, and talk'd with many,
But found no heartfelt charm in any,
Alike indifferent to all;
Nor heeded what they said to me,
For all my thoughts were fix'd on thee.

Yes, Arthur, I was dress'd with care,
Not last among the belles appearing;
But did not meet thy smile endearing—
But did not hear thee call me fair;
And flattery has no charm for me,
Unless I'm flatter'd love by thee.

Yes, many sought my ear to gain,
Among th' insipid sons of fashion,
Some vow'd, and seign'd or felt a passion;
Some spoke of long-dissembled pain;
But all their cares were lost on me,
My heart is all engross'd by thee.

Yes, Arthur, *one*, I freely owns
Tho' all his brother beaus were teazing,
I thought most eloquent and pleasing,
And listen'd but to him alone;
The magic charm he had for me,
Was, Arthur—that he spoke of thee.

That darling theme can never tire,
The only one I hear with pleasure,
In lonely absence all my treasure—
It can a very fool inspire;
And life has no concern for me,
Except the care of pleasing thee.

AMANDA.

FEMALE SOT.

THIS rudely sculptur'd porter-pot
Denotes where sleeps a female sot;
Who pass'd her life, good easy soul,
In sweetly chirping o'er her bowl.
Not for her friends or children dear
She mourns—but only for her beer.
E'en in the very grave, they say,
She thirsts for drink to wet her clay;
And, faith, she thinks it very wrong
This jug should stand unfill'd so long.